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# Granny of the Hills

A HOME MISSIONARY PLAY

*By*

BELLE BROWN CLOKEY

This little play is dedicated to Miss Frances Bæhler of Dubuque, Iowa, who was the inspiration of the play, and to the young people of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Iowa, who have been the inspiration of the writer

Missionary Education Movement  
of the United States and Canada

156 Fifth Avenue, New York

## CHARACTERS

GRANNY WOODHALL.

DANNY, her grandson.

LIZZIE, Danny's playmate.

PRESIDENT MATTHEWS.

MISS BLACK, a teacher.

MISS NELSON, vocal teacher.

SENIOR CLASS OF CUMBERLAND COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE—

DANIEL WOODHALL.

ELIZABETH McDONALD.

ROBERT BALDRIDGE.

ESTHER HOLMES.

REBECCA STEWART.

MIRIAM HOOVER.

RUTH McCONNELL.

RACHEL MCBRIDE.

JANET STEVENSON.

HOWARD HARPER.

CHARLES BRADLEY.

JOHN MASON.

*(Other names can be added at will.)*

LOWER CLASSMEN.

MANAGER OF BALL TEAM.

CAPTAIN OF BALL TEAM.

## SYNOPSIS

PART I: Among the pines near Granny's cabin. Granny reaches a decision and bravely makes her sacrifice.

PART II: Ten years later. A rustic corner of a College Campus. Granny's example leads another life out along the pathway of renunciation.

PART III: One week later. Athletic field, College Campus. Granny witnesses a ball game for the first time, and adds greatly to the interest of the occasion.

PART IV: One day later. Commencement exercises held on College Campus. Granny receives her reward.

## COSTUMES

Granny should wear a faded calico dress and sunbonnet (a black slat sunbonnet if possible) when she appears in Part I, but the sunbonnet should be laid aside very soon, in order that she can be more clearly heard.

In Part III, she should wear an old-fashioned black dress and bonnet and a black apron; and in Part IV, a white lace cap and neckerchief with the same old-

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fashioned dress. Her hair should be powdered some in Part I, and be made very white in Part IV.

Danny should wear old trousers, a faded waist, an old broad-brimmed straw hat and badly worn, heavy shoes, if he does not go in his bare feet. The coat he puts on before leaving should be ragged and several sizes too small.

Lizzie should wear a faded apron, dress, and sunbonnet, but her bonnet should soon be laid aside or allowed to hang around her neck.

If possible, Danny and Lizzie should be of the same type as the grown-up Daniel and Elizabeth.

Elizabeth should wear a simple but pretty and graceful white gown in Part II. This can be covered by a summer coat of some kind in Part III, and shown again in Part IV.

The President and members of the graduating class should wear college caps and gowns in Part IV, if possible, although this is not a necessity. In Part III summer gowns and hats should be worn.

## DIRECTIONS

As this play is intended for use in churches, the arrangements of the platform for it have been made most simple.

A curtain can be used to advantage, but is by no means a necessity.

Screens placed so as to protect the players before they come on and after they leave the platform will answer every purpose.

Granny's entrance and exit are easily planned for in Part I; Miss Black can come in with her books and papers and take her place at the table in Part II, and Elizabeth can leave as indicated at the close of the Part.

The young people can gather for the ball game as they would for an ordinary game, and make their way out in the midst of the excitement that follows it, and the graduating class can march in, led by the President, and leave in an informal manner at the close of the scene.

Two young men, carefully trained, can very quickly make the slight changes in the setting that are necessary for the different Parts.

For convenience sake all the scenes are placed out-of-doors, even the graduation exercises being held on the campus, as is often done where there is no large auditorium.

The out-of-doors setting can easily be secured by the use of branches of trees, vines, ferns, and potted shrubs, and where pine trees can be secured the effect is particularly good.

PART I. An old fence with hollyhocks or any old-fashioned flower growing behind it makes a good background, and the rather long conversation between Granny and Danny can be relieved of all awkwardness by having Granny seated on an old wash-bench and Danny on a low sawhorse or stump with one foot resting on a small log. His make-believe gun will give him something to do with his hands in the early part of the scene, but should be laid aside as he becomes more absorbed in the conversation.

PART II. A few rustic seats and a small table are all that are necessary for this scene, but a summer house covered with vines and flowers is ideal.

PART III. This Part was introduced just for fun, and can be omitted without destroying the symmetry of the play. When it is used, the assistance of an enthusiastic "baseball fan" will be needed more than that of an elocution teacher. Detailed instructions cannot be given, but the aim should be to make it so real that the audience will unconsciously turn, expecting to see the ball. The performers should be placed so that they will face the side of the audience room, great care being taken to have all in the front row where they can be seen by the entire audience. If Robert uses a lower chair than Granny, it will give her a better chance to be seen and heard.

College colors should be much in evidence, and peanuts will give those in the back rows something to do. They should *seem* to be laughing and talking as they would at any game, but great care *must* be taken never to allow the confusion to drown out the conversation which is taking place on the front row.

The first and second rows can be seated on benches; the third row can sit on the back of a bench, and a fourth row stand on a bench. This will give something of a grand stand effect.

Rushing Danny in at the close of the game on the shoulders of the manager and captain of the ball team, followed by the other members of the team, can easily be omitted if not convenient, but in lecture-rooms, where plans can be made to have a great cry raised at the rear of the room and Danny rushed up the aisle to the platform by a shouting crowd, the surprise and enthusiasm of it are most effective.

PART IV. The benches or chairs used for the ball game can quickly be placed in position for the graduation exercises, and the diplomas can be placed on a stand near the President's chair.

As many singers as possible should be secured for the senior class for the purpose of making the class song a success. One or more can take the soprano obligato, and all the others should sing the melody in unison.

College gowns add greatly to the effectiveness of the song.

Chinese lanterns and college pennants can be used effectively to brighten up this scene.

Students of expression will prefer to give their own interpretation of the lines, but those less experienced will appreciate the effort that has been made to give rather minute details of the first presentation of the play as given under the direction of the writer.

While just as many young people can take part in this play as desire to do so, it requires only six adults and two children who have any special talent as readers, and its success depends entirely upon how seriously these few take up their work. When such assistance is hard to secure, the part assigned to Robert Baldrige can, with a few changes, be taken either by Miss Black or Elizabeth. Nearly all the rehearsals can be held with only a few present, as the rooters at the ball game do not need to attend more than one rehearsal.

The first and second parts should be rehearsed as privately as possible, for they can never be perfected in the midst of the confusion peculiar to the preparation of amateur plays.

The writer wishes to acknowledge her indebtedness to Horace Kephart, author of *Our Southern Highlanders*, and to Alice M. Guernsey, author of *Under Our Flag*.

# GRANNY OF THE HILLS

## PART I

**Scene:** Out of doors in front of Granny's cabin. Granny comes in from one side of the platform and stands for a few moments, looking anxiously behind the scenes on the other side.

GRANNY: Danny, O Danny! You come hyur. (*Short pause.*) Danny Woodhall, you come hyur this minute, and be quick about it.

DANNY: (*Behind the scenes.*) I'm comin' d'reckly, Granny. What d' ye want?

GRANNY: You run along home, Lizzie. I think I heerd yer maw a-callin' ye a spell ago.

DANNY: (*Behind the scenes.*) Good-by, Lizzie. We'll play that game again to-morrer.

LIZZIE: (*Behind the scenes.*) Good-by, Danny. I seen yer face last.

(*Enter Danny carrying a stick whittled to look like a gun.*)

DANNY: Here I be, Granny. What kin I do fer ye?

GRANNY: Sit down thar somewhars, Danny. We're goin' ter set out hyur in the sunshine whar we kin look away out over the mountains yonder, an' we're goin' ter hev a talk, jes' ye an' yer Granny.

DANNY: Why, what about, Granny?

GRANNY: Wa-al, Danny. I've sumthin' ter tell ye. But afore I begin, jes' tell me what you hev been a-doin' all mornin'.

DANNY: Oh! Me an' Lizzie hev been a-playin'. She's been a lettin' on she had a whisky-still hid down the mountainside somewhars, an' I hev been the revenuer a-huntin' ter it. I war gittin' mighty clos' ter it, when I heerd ye a-callin', an' Lizzie, she war a (*He raises his gun as if to shoot.*) poppin' a gun at me from behint a tree.

GRANNY: That's jes' wat I was afeard of, Danny! I've been a-watchin' ye, an' it hev settled yer old granny's mind at last. I can't let ye grow up lak this yere, thet's plumb sartin. Danny, yer granny hev got ter send ye away somewhars.

DANNY: Send me away, Granny! What fer, I'd lak ter know?

GRANNY: You'll be as good-fer-nothin' as yer dad ef ye don't hev nothin' better ter do than ter play games lak thet thar whisky-still, an' yer mought as well be dead this minute as ter grow up lak yer dad.

DANNY: Now, Granny, what is the matter with me anyways? Ef ye don't care nothin' 'bout me, why don't ye jes' sell me off lak ye did the mule las' week?

GRANNY: Now, don't ye go to comparin' yerself to no mule—ye whose great granddaddy Woodhall fought all through the war o' the Revolution, an' yer granddad died a-fightin'. They war wuth somewhat, they war. But yer dad, he wa'n't wuth nothin' 'tall, so fer as I could ever see, an', O Danny, if ye grow up lak him, it'll jes' kill yer old granny.

DANNY: If them old fightin' grandads war wuth so much, why didn't they leave sunthin' better ter show fer it than thet thar old cabin?

GRANNY: I jes' don't rightly know, Danny. It warn't nothin' ag'in them I'd hev ye know. I reckon they war jes' unlucky. I war born in this kintry, an' ain't never been out o' it, but my granny uster tell me 'bout how, when she war a little gal, they lived way off yon side o' the mountains somewhars, an' there war lovely green medders an' a purty little creek a-windin' along under the willer trees, an' they hed nice houses, all white an' clean lookin', an' there war a meetin'-house an' a school whar they taught them readin' an' ritin'. The Woodhalls an' the Stocktons lived on joinin' places.

DANNY: Well, why didn't they stay thar, Granny? Thet's what I'd lak ter know.

GRANNY: She didn't never jes' know, Danny, but somehow things begun ter go wrong, an' bimeby thar come a day when all the women war a-cryin' an' the men folks lookin' mighty glum, an' they all come away from that purty kintry an' clumb away up in these hyur mountains and built these little old log cabins. They tried moughty hard ter mek a livin' with ax an' rifle an' by grubbing away at these hyur old hills, but they jes' got plum discouraged, Danny. I ricollect that ole Gran'sir Stockton adopted a rheumatiz an' kep' it till he died.

Yer Grandad Woodhall, him as ye war named a'ter, Danny, he war a likely lad. Him an' me uster play tergether, jes' lak you an' Lizzie, an' when I war 'bout fifteen year old I married him an' come over hyur ter live. Things mought hev been dif'runt ef he'd lived.

DANNY: Tell me 'bout him, Granny; what happened him?

GRANNY: Wa-al, Danny, when word come from over yon side the mountains thet there war fightin' goin' on somewhars, I 'low he couldn't help it no how, he jes' lied ter go, Danny. No kintry ain't never hed no better fighters nowhars than our men hyur in the mountains, an' he jes' took his rifle-gun an' his ridin' critter an' went away one day. I stood right hyur widh my little one in my arms an' watched him go out o' sight over yon hill—an' he never come back, Danny; he never come back.

DANNY: O Granny! What could ye do then jes' by yerself?

GRANNY: Oh, I jes' scrumpiged 'long the best I could till yer paw grewed up, an' then he found a way ter mek a livin' that jes' 'bout broke my heart.

DANNY: (*Leaning over and taking Granny by the arm.*) What did he do, Granny? I've allus wanted ter know.

GRANNY: He run a still, Danny.

DANNY: (*Starting back in surprise.*) O Granny! Not thet!

GRANNY: Ya-as, Danny. He tuk up with sech a sorry lot o' fellars an' got so moughty techerous that I couldn't do nothing fer him no how, an' bimeby I knowed he war runnin' a still. I'm glad yer maw died 'fore she knowed 'bout it. She war a nice little woman, yer maw war. She died the week a'ter ye war born. Thar warn't nobody to tek keer on her but yer granny, an' it jes' seemed as ef I couldn't never git her ter chirk up any more a'ter thet. Sometimes I hev thought she knowed 'bout the still, an' didn't keer whether she lived or died.

DANNY: (*Anxiously.*) An' what become o' my paw an' the still, Granny?

GRANNY: Ye war jes' three year old when yer paw got killed a defyin' o' the revenuer, Danny, an' now mebbe ye kin see why yer granny don't lak ter see ye playin' them kind o' games—ye an' Lizzie.

DANNY: Oh, yes! I see now, Granny.



GRANNY: I'm not goin' ter let ye stay hyur an' grow up lak people hyur-abouts, not ef I kin help it.

DANNY: (*Anxiously.*) But what kin a little fellar lak me do, Granny? I hain't got nowhars ter go.

GRANNY: Ya-as ye hev, Danny. Thet thar is what I've got ter tell ye. Thar be a place fer jes' sech boys as ye. They l'arn them farmin' an' they l'arn them outen books, too.

DANNY: Who tole ye 'bout it?

GRANNY: I jes' heerd tell o' it las' week. A man come by a-ridin' on horse-back an' he come in hyur fer a drink. I seed he war not from hyurabouts, so I thought, "Now, Granny. hyur's yer chance," an' I jes' ask 'im ef he knowed of any place whar a poor boy could go ter be l'arned book l'arnin'.

DANNY: (*Excitedly.*) An' what did he say, Granny?

GRANNY: He sed ya-as, thar be jes' sech a school whar he come from. Then I tole him 'bout ye, Danny, an' said I knowed ye could l'arn a lot ef ye only hed a chance.

DANNY: Do ye think I could, Granny? Are ye plumb sure?

GRANNY: Ya-as, I be, Danny. Jes' you wait hyur till I go git somethin' ter show ye! (*She hurries behind the scenes.*)

DANNY: (*Thoughtfully.*) What d' ye reckon little Lizzie 'ud do ef I went away anywhars. She ain't never played nothin' with nobody but jes' me ever sence she war born. It don't jes' 'pear as ef I ever could leave her an' Granny to go nowhars.

(*Granny returns carrying a roll yellow with age and soiled.*)

GRANNY: Now, what do ye s'pose this hyur mought be, Danny?

DANNY: (*Looking it over curiously.*) It don't pear lak nothin' much ter me, Granny. What be it? (*They sit down on the wash-bench together.*)

GRANNY: It be er 'ploma, Danny. Ye git 'em for goin' ter school an' l'arnin' a lot. This yere b'longed to my ole Gran'sir Stockton. He uster take me on his knee an' show it ter me, an' he said I'd gotter hev one when I grewed up, even ef I war only a gal an' gals warn't s'posed ter know as much as boys. Yer granny hain't never hed no chance, Danny, but ye be a-goin' ter hev yourn ef so be thet yer granny kin give it ter ye.

Thet thar man said he would be a-comin' back along o' here in a week—that's ter-day, Danny—an' ef I wanted ter send ye ter school, he'd take ye long o' him on 'is horse.

DANNY: Ter-day, Granny! Ye ain't goin' ter send me away ter-day, be ye?

GRANNY: Ya-as, I be, Danny. Ev'ry day since thet man come, I hev been a-thinkin' an' a-thinkin' till I c'u'dn't sleep ner eat. Some days it hes jes' seemed thet I c'u'dn't never let ye go, Danny; but I sold the mule anyways, ter hev the money ter start ye, ef I ever got my mind made up ter let ye go along o' the man. Ye're all I've got in the world, Danny, an' it takes the heart right out o' me to think o' livin' on here 'thout ye; but when I seen ye an' Lizzie a-poppin' guns at each other from behind the trees, thet settled my mind. Ye hev got ter go whar they kin teach ye sumthin' better ter do than thet.

DANNY: But I don't want ter go an' leave ye, Granny. It jes' seems as ef I'd like ter stay hyur always—jes' you an' me an' Lizzie.

GRANNY: But didn't I tell ye my mind war made up? Ye hev got ter go, ef I hev ter tek a stick ter ye. Yer granny ain't so old yet but what she kin drive



ye often the place ef it's fer yer own good. (*She rises hurriedly and points toward the hills in the distance.*) Thar he comes now, I've been a-watchin' fer 'im.

(*Danny goes toward the entrance, looking anxiously out, and turns suddenly, and running to his granny, throws himself in her arms. If the boy chosen for the part objects to this, it can be omitted, as the mountaineers are very slow to display any emotion.*)

DANNY: O Granny, hev I got ter go?

GRANNY: Ya-as, Danny, ye hev got ter go. (*They cling to each other a few moments.*) Now let go o' your granny an' hurry 'round. Ye ain't got much ter tek with ye, an' I've got it all done up in a bag inside the cabin door. Go git it. Danny. An' wash yer face an' put on yer coat. (*She sits down on the wash-bench and buries her face in her hands until he returns. He brings her the bag, and she rises.*) In hyur, ye'll find the money I got fer the mule, an' when ye hev l'arned up the mule there'll be sweet pertaters ter sell. Oh, I guess yer granny'll find some way ter git along an' keep ye in school. An' then all the time, Danny, I'll be a-hopin' an' a-hopin'. Ye see, I ain't tole ye all I hev in my heart. I don't jes' rightly know how ter tell it, but, Danny, (*In lower tones, but distinct.*) in thet thar meetin'-house my granny tole me about, she heerd things she never fergot, an' she use' ter try ter larn them ter me. I jes' don't rikolleck them rightly, but they war good things ter know, an' I want ye ter hear 'em, an' then come home an' tell me all 'bout 'em, jes' as soon as ever ye kin.

DANNY: (*Earnestly.*) I will, Granny. I'll come back jes' as soon as ever they'll let me, an' tell ye ev'rything I know.

GRANNY: (*Cheerfully.*) Thar now, thet'll keep me chirked up right along, jes' a-thinkin' 'bout it. Thar 'e is now, waitin' fer ye. I'll help put ye up behind him on the horse. (*Putting her hands on his shoulders, looking into his face and speaking with great earnestness.*) It's fer yer own good I'm sendin' ye away. Don't ye ever fergit thet, Danny.

DANNY: (*Earnestly.*) I won't, Granny, an' jes' as long as ever I live I won't never fergit ye.

(*Granny goes out with him, and in a few moments returns, slowly making her way to the center of the stage as she watches them out of sight.*)

GRANNY: (*Pointing in the direction that they have gone.*) Thar he goes, c'lar outen my sight— (*Hands clasped on her breast.*) my little Danny. (*Walking to and fro.*) Ever sence the day he war born I've loved him and 'tended him the best I knowed how. (*Pausing.*) But I hed ter let him go. Ya-as, I hed ter let him go. (*Turning to audience.*) An' I know jes' what I'm a-doin'. Jes' lak my man Danny (*Pointing in the direction Danny went.*) so long ago, I'm mebbe lettin' him go fer good. He's a good boy, Danny is, an' he thinks a heap o' his granny, but bimeby, when he gits book l'arnin', he may fergit—ya-as, I know (*Lowering her voice.*) he may be ershamed o' his old ign'rant granny. Nobody c'u'dn't never blame him, but (*Looking up with hands clasped.*) O God! I've heerd 'bout ye. I don't know much, but I know I need ye now. Thar war a verse my granny l'arned me onct 'bout "Suffer the little children ter come unto me," an' (*Pointing in the direction that Danny went.*) I hev let Danny go whar he'll l'arn about ye, an', oh, don't let him fergit ter come back an' tell his old granny all 'bout it.

(Enter Lizzie, out of breath from running, and grasps Granny impetuously by the arm.)

LIZZIE: O Granny! whar hev Danny gone ter?

GRANNY: Wa-al now, little Lizzie, what do ye know 'bout him anyways, I'd lak ter know?

LIZZIE: (Breathlessly.) Why, I seen 'im goin' (Pointing in the direction Danny had gone.) —'long o' a man—on a horse—past our cabin. I called ter 'im, but he never answered or looked my way. Then I run a'ter 'im, hollerin' with all my might, but he jes' looked back onct, an' then—I seen (Her voice breaks.) he war a-cryin'. (Granny turns away to hide her emotion, and Lizzie pulls at her sleeve to get her attention.) What made Danny cry, Granny, an' whar war he a-goin'? (Stamping her foot and shaking Granny by the arm.) Ain't ye ever goin' ter tell me?

GRANNY: Ya-as, I be, ef ye ever give me any kind o' a chance. Danny hev gone away ter school, so he hev.

LIZZIE: Gone away ter school? Whar ter?

GRANNY: Down the mountains ter a school whar they l'arn them how ter wurk an' how ter read ouden books—a farm school, they call it.

LIZZIE: Well, when's he comin' back?

GRANNY: I don't know nothin' 'bout thet. All I know be thet he am gone an' thet I sent 'im.

(She sits down on the wash-bench.)

LIZZIE: (Stamping her foot.) Granny Woodhall, do ye mean ter say thet ye made him go along o' thet man, an' him a-cryin'? (Shaking her fist at Granny.) I jes' hate ye fer a-doin' it, so I do. (Stamping her foot on "never," "ever," "I," and "live.") I'll never cum back hyur again as long as ever I live, with Danny gone. Oh, what kin I ever do 'thout Danny?

(She drops down on the satchorse or stool and buries her head in her apron, sobbing.)

GRANNY: (Wiping her eyes on her apron.) Now don't tek on so, Lizzie. (Patting her on the head.) Chirk up now an' let me tell ye all 'bout it. I know how ye an' Danny hev played tergether, ever sence ye could walk. Granny is sorry fer ye, but I hed ter send Danny ter school, when I hed a chance. Come, come, now (Raising her head and smoothing back her hair.) stop yer cryin'; mebbe thar be a school fer gals somewhars, an' ye kin go, too. Danny'll find out, an' then he'll tell us all 'bout it.

LIZZIE: (Speaking impatiently.) Lots o' chance I'll ever hev ter go ter school. My stepfather, he's pesterin' maw ev'ry day ter let me go an' work up in them cotton-mills. Maw she says she'd rather see me dead than shut up in them old mills; but goin' ter school—even maw w'u'dn't ever think o' lettin' me do a thing lak thet. (She again buries her head in her lap.)

GRANNY: Never mind, 'little gal. Ye may get yer chance some day, an' Granmy'll help ye, ef she kin. Now run along home, or they'll be a-scoldin' ye.

LIZZIE: (Speaking slowly and drooping as if all the life had gone out of her.) O Granny, I don't feel as ef I could ever run again. I jes' feel as ef somethin'—hed bin taken ouden me—an' thar warn't nothin' left ter run with.

GRANNY: I know, Lizzie. I know jes' 'bout how ye feel. Come over offen ter see old granny. I'll need ye more'n ye know. Now run along home, thet's a good gal. (Exit Lizzie, giving a last sniffle and wiping her nose on her sleeve.)

*Granny rising.*) Wa-al now, it's good ter know thet somebody cares, even ef it's only a little gal—jes' little Lizzie.

I wonder ef them old hills an' pine trees'll know an' care thet Granny's lonesome. Another verse I l'arned onct war, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help," an' all these years I've been a-lookin' an' a-lookin', an' they ain't never failed me yet.

I reckon I kin git 'long all right ef I go on a-workin' an a-workin' an' keep a-thinkin' an' a-thinkin' thet God knows an' God cares an' that he'll never let my Danny fergit his old Granny of the Hills.

## INTERMISSION

## PART II

**Scene:** A rustic corner of the college campus. Miss Black, a teacher, is seated on a rustic bench with a small table in front of her covered with books and papers.

*(Enter Elizabeth McDonald.)*

ELIZABETH: Miss Black, Marian told me to come to you here on my way home from Mrs. Bartlett's tea. Is there anything I can do for you?

MISS BLACK: I won't keep you more than a few moments, Elizabeth. Just sit down, my dear, I have a very important letter that I must read to you before I answer it. *(She finds the letter among her papers.)*

My dear Miss Black:

The young woman who has been my companion and private secretary for years will soon be married, and I am seeking some one who will take her place.

I have been interested for a long time in the remarkable development of one of the members of the senior class at the Institute—Miss Elizabeth McDonald. Can you not persuade her to come to me as soon as the commencement exercises are over? I am sure I should find her a most delightful companion.

Yours sincerely,

ROBERTA M. VAN CLEVE.

I have no desire whatever to try to persuade you to accept this position, Elizabeth, but I felt that I must present the matter to you and allow your own heart to decide the question.

ELIZABETH: Oh, thank you so much, Miss Black, but I do not believe I could consider it.

MISS BLACK: May I ask why? It cannot help but appeal to any one so very well fitted for it.

ELIZABETH: Have you time to allow me to explain fully? I have often thought I should love to talk to you about my plans.

MISS BLACK: Certainly, my dear, my papers for examinations are almost finished, and we may not have another chance for a talk. Please feel free to tell me everything that is in your heart.

ELIZABETH: Oh, thank you, Miss Black. You know, don't you, that my home is in a little log cabin away up in Morgan's Cove. The cabin nearest ours is where Danny Woodhall's grandmother lives. Danny and I began playing together as soon as I could walk, and we never knew what it was to get along without each other until he started to the Farm School.

I fairly stormed at his grandmother for allowing him to go, and then went home and cried myself almost sick.

MISS BLACK: Why, you poor child.

ELIZABETH: As soon as he heard of the Burton Industrial School for Girls, he decided that something must be done to get me entered there. My parents had no money to send me, and they were not interested. It all seemed very hopeless, but Danny never stopped working and planning until the way opened for me to enter the school, and then Granny persuaded my mother and stepfather to allow me to come.

Now, Danny and I are both through school, and Danny is going into definite Christian work. Some day he hopes to be able to continue his studies and become a Christian minister.

MISS BLACK: Oh! does he, really? I am delighted to hear it.

ELIZABETH: Yes, and by and by, when he is ready for his real life-work and a home—well, Miss Black, he says that a *very* important position will be waiting for me then! Somehow we feel as if we couldn't ever quite learn how to get along without each other.

MISS BLACK: (*Clasping Elizabeth's hand in both of hers.*) I congratulate you with all my heart. Mr. Woodhall is certainly a splendid, earnest, lovable young fellow. But of course this need not interfere with your accepting this position with Mrs. Van Cleve for the next few years, if you wish to do so. I must admit it would be a great development to you.

ELIZABETH: I am sure it would, but I have set my heart on going back to Morgan's Cove for those few years.

MISS BLACK: To Morgan's Cove! Your old home?

ELIZABETH: Yes, my dear old mountain home. Granny and I talked it all over during my last vacation. If a public school is started in that neighborhood I will apply for the position of teacher, and if not, I will gather the children into Granny's cabin and teach them there. Just think of all that I can teach them during my years of waiting.

Then I can visit in the homes and try to keep parents from sending those poor little children into the cotton-mills. My stepfather wanted to send me once, but my mother would never consent to that. I visited a factory last summer, and I never saw anything in my life as pathetic as the dull, tired faces of those little factory slaves. After they have worked in the mills a year they forget how to laugh or play; they lose all desire for the out-of-doors, and are just like little unthinking machines. It will be something if I can save even one little child from a life like that.

MISS BLACK: Yes, Elizabeth, that would be a life-work in itself.

ELIZABETH: Then on Sabbath we can have a Sabbath-school and some kind of a church service.

Oh, I do want all those dear old friends of mine to be as happy as I have been since I learned the beautiful things in God's Book.

Then, (*Leaning closer to Miss Black.*) too, I want to teach my own mother to read. It is a lonely life she lives, and if I could only teach her to read the gospel story for herself, it would seem like a new world to her.

MISS BLACK: (*Putting her arm around Elizabeth.*) My dear child, I understand fully why Mrs. Van Cleve's offer can have no attraction for you. You have chosen the pathway of self-sacrifice, and already a joy which is never found in the pathway of pleasure is filling your heart, and (*Very earnestly.*) remember, my dear, (*Drawing her close to her.*) that there was One long ago who followed the pathway of duty, even though it led him to a hilltop and to a cross.

*(A slow gesture reaching out and upward, beginning on the word "followed," reaching higher on the word "hilltop" and pointing still higher on the word "cross" will be effective. The eyes of both should follow the gesture closely, and at the word "cross" Elizabeth should bow her head and there should be a pause before the tenseness of the moment is broken by Miss Black's return to things practical.)*

Thank you for telling me all about it. May I come and visit you and Mrs. Woodhall and your little school some time?

ELIZABETH: Oh, Miss Black, if you only would! And that reminds me of one thing more I wanted to talk to you about. Danny is determined to have his grandmother come to the commencement exercises next week. He's so devoted to her that he can't realize how out-of place she will seem among the well-dressed people who will be there. I can just see how queer she will look in her old black bonnet and the black dress she has worn for good ever since I can remember.

She never gets anything for herself because she has been saving every penny for Danny's education.

Do you think people will laugh at her and make her sorry she came? She didn't want to come, but Danny insisted, and she would do anything for him.

MISS BLACK: Don't worry about that, Elizabeth, I'll talk to the girls about it, and we will all join in giving Granny the best time of her life.

*(Behind the scenes a group of girls are heard singing "Rig-a-jig-jig and away we go," or any other college song.)*

There come some of the girls now. If they are going for a walk I believe I'll go with them. I may not have as good a chance to talk to them again.

REBECCA STEWART: *(Behind the scenes.)* Oh, girls! there are Miss Black and Elizabeth. Let's ask them to go with us. *(Enter the girls led by Rebecca.)* Oh, Miss Black, we're going out for one more tramp across the hills. Can't you and Elizabeth come with us?

MISS BLACK: I shall be delighted to go, Rebecca. *(Aside to Elizabeth, as she gathers up the papers.)* This will give me just the opportunity I want. Don't you fear for the result. The girls all think too much of Danny to make fun of his grandmother. *(To the other girls.)* I'm ready now. Which direction are you going?

REBECCA STEWART: Won't you come, too, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH: No, I can't to-day. Thank you, just the same.

*(The girls pass out singing. By passing through rooms at the rear of the platform or by allowing the voices to die away almost to a whisper, the effect can be secured of their singing until they pass out of hearing.)*

ELIZABETH: *(Who has been seated at the rustic stand, listening to the singing.)* I wonder if those girls, wandering down the rhododendron path, are just as happy and care-free as they seem to be?

I wish I could feel as they do, but I don't see how any senior can face commencement week without being sobered by it.

Commencement week! I suppose they call it that because it is then that we really begin to live.



After years of getting ready, we begin to do things, and what to do is the question. As Danny says, we have to decide whether we're going to make a living or to make a life.

I never thought it would be hard for me to decide. Ever since my way opened to come to school, I've planned to spend my life trying to give other girls their chance. How else could I ever expect to show my gratitude?

But now—(*She rises and speaks impatiently.*) Oh, I wish I had never been offered that position with Mrs. Van Cleve! (*Throwing herself down on another rustic bench.*) Don't I know just exactly what it would mean? Haven't I seen her and her companion riding by day after day in her limousine, and thought how wonderful it must be to be able to live that way? They have traveled together all over this country and Europe. Now I have been offered three years of life like that, and, oh, (*Rising and clasping her hands.*) how I should love it! (*Walking over to bench behind table and resting her hands on it.*) I am only human! I wonder if I could endure it, when the long, lonely days of winter settled down and shut me up in that desolate cove. Wouldn't it be simply unbearable to think of all I might have been enjoying in some luxurious hotel in the midst of birds and flowers and sunshine? (*Pause.*) Oh, what shall I do? (*She drops down on the bench behind the table and bows her head on her folded arms. Looking up after a short pause.*) Oh, it is the old battle, almost as old as the hills themselves, between love of self and love of one's neighbor.

I do love my people, and if I do not teach them, who will? There are plenty of girls who will be glad to be Mrs. Van Cleve's companion, but who else will go into Morgan's Cove and carry out Granny's cherished plan of having a school in her little cabin?

Dear old Granny! She's never been afraid of the hard things, and that blessed old boy, Danny, is just like her. I wonder what he would think if he knew that his little Lizzie was almost ready to wish she could go off and have a good time, no matter what becomes of the rest of the world. (*The first chords of "Absent," by John Metcalf, are played behind the scenes.*) Listen! It is Miss Nelson in the music room. How I love to hear her sing.

(*"Absent," by John W. Metcalf, to which the following words have been set, is published by Arthur P. Schmidt, 11 West Thirty-sixth Street, New York, for high, medium, or low voice, and it can be secured through any music dealer. The soloist should make a very careful study of the expression and the very distinct rendering of the words.*)

If to the hungry thou hast given bread,

(*Elizabeth leaning back to enjoy the music.*)

And to the poor hast words of kindness said,

(*Leaning forward with head on her hand and listening intently.*)

And into peace hast wandering footsteps led,

(*Head bowed in thought and hands clasped on the table.*)

Hear Jesus saying, "Ye did it unto Me."

(*Looking upward during the words, "Ye did it unto Me."*)

If Christlike pity thou hast never known,

(*Leaning forward and looking down.*)

And to the needy hast no kindness shown,

(*Head resting on hand.*)



## GRANNY OF THE HILLS

But through the years hast lived for self alone.

*(Looking up with hands clasped on breast after the word "self.")*

Hear Jesus saying, "Ye did it not to Me."

*(Head bowed on clasped hands.)*

Dear Jesus, help me from the heart to say,

*(Head bowed on folded arms on the word "help.")*

When duty calls to service day by day,

*(Head still bowed.)*

As I with loyal heart the call obey,

*(Looking up with an expression of deep purpose.)*

"My blessed Jesus, I do it unto Thee."

*(Head again bowed on folded arms.)*

*(When the song ceases she remains with head bowed for a few moments, and then looking up, says slowly and thoughtfully.)* Yes, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." *(After a moment's pause.)* I can do it! *(Rising with face illumined and stepping out from behind the table.)* Yes, I can love to do it!

*(Taking one slow step forward with hands outstretched)* Oh, Granny! *(Another step.)* Dear old Granny! *(Another step with right hand raised as if listening.)* I hear the call of the hills. *(Hands clasped on breast and no step taken)* It is God's call. *(Another step with hands outstretched.)* I'm coming.

*(Where a curtain that will fall promptly is used, these steps should be taken toward the front of the platform, but otherwise they should be taken toward the side where an easy exit can be made.)\**

\*The writer wishes to acknowledge her indebtedness to Miss Bertha Hollinshead, of Dubuque, Iowa, for her beautiful interpretation of this Part.

## INTERMISSION

## PART III

Scene: A group of college people watching a ball game. In the front row are seated Robert Baldridge, Granny, Miss Black, Esther Holmes, Rebecca Stewart, and Marian Hoover. Elizabeth McDonald should have a prominent place in the second row. As many others as the platform will accommodate can be grouped back of them.

ROBERT BALDRIDGE: Look, Granny! Look! They've put Danny in the pitcher's box, to pitch the rest of the game. Now you *will* get interested, won't you?

GRANNY: Which one might be Danny, anyways? I 'low they 'bout all look alike ter me, in them queer lookin' clothes they be a-wearin'.

ROBERT: That's Danny right in the middle of the diamond with the ball in his hands. Many a game has he won for the college by his fine pitching. It just seems that whatever Dan Woodhall does he does with all his might.

GRANNY: Ya-as, thet's Danny's way, all right. He war never a shiftless lad lak some in the mountains. When he war jes' a little fellar, ef he ever set out ter do anything, you could jes' 'bout 'low that he w'n'dn't never give up till he war plumb through.

MARIAN HOOVER: There comes a good player to the bat. Oh, girls! Do you remember the home run he made when they were here last year?

REBECCA STEWART: Well, yes; I should say we do! Let's hope he won't do the same this year. Things have been looking pretty bad for our boys. My, but I'm glad they've changed pitchers.

MARIAN: Was that his second strike?

REBECCA: Yes, I'm sure it was. Wasn't it, Bob?

ROBERT: Sure!

MARIAN: Say! Danny's starting up things in his good old style, isn't he? This game may turn out to be worth seeing after all.

REBECCA: (*Clopping her hands.*) Three strikes!—Oh, good! He's out, all right! Hurrah for Danny!

ESTHER HOLMES: (*Slight pause while new batter comes to the plate.*) There, I wonder if that little fellow can get on to Danny's curves! Anybody would know he wasn't from the mountains. He doesn't look as if he could hit anything smaller than the side of a house, but you never can tell. Sometimes these little Lord Fawntleroy chaps surprise you.

ROBERT: We'll soon see what he can do, Esther.

GRANNY: I don't 'pear to sense jes' what they be a-doin'. I never seed any kind of a game lak this yere. Danny never l'arned this game ter hum. Mos' lak as not they c'u'dn't never play it up to the mountains anyways. I calkerlate there hain't eny level medder big enough ter give 'em room fer it.

(*Applause.*)

ESTHER: There, mother's precious darling fanned out in a hurry. Two out and no one on bases. Oh, Danny Woodhall, you are the good boy, all right, all right.

GRANNY: (*Turning toward Esther.*) Danny war allus a good boy, so he war; and he hain't never growed away from it, lak some boys do. Some boys jes' 'pear plumb ershamed ter be good, a'ter they git inter thar teens. Danny war allus good at work an' good at play. My, how he could run when he war a little fellar. Thar warn't no boy in Morgan's Cove could beat 'im. He run up and down the mountains jes' lak a deer, an' nobody couldn't never ketch 'im.

(*Turning to Robert Baldridge, and during this speech of Granny's Robert should grow increasingly impatient over being interrupted. He should grow so excited over the game as to make motions like the pitcher, and Granny, determined to be heard, should every now and then shake him and say, "Listen, now listen!" at which Robert should turn to her impatiently for a few moments and then again become absorbed in the game. Finally he should lean over, bury his face in his hands and shake his head as if ready to give up in despair.*)

This is powerful purty scenery ye've got 'round yere, but hit hain't no purtier'n what I've seen ev'ry day o' my life from my cabin windows. The mountains up ter Morgan's Cove be all covered with pines, standin' up so tall an' straight an' strong, thet it meks me feel better jes' ter look at 'em. Why, it jes' 'pears lak I c'u'dn't live 'thout them pines. They chirk me up wonderful, when I git

sort o' down-hearted an' good-fer-nothin'. It's jes' as if they sed, "Stand up straight, Granny, jes' lak we-uns do. Thar's no use breakin' in two carryin' yer burden. It's twict as heavy when ye lean over that a-way." An' I say, "Ya-as, I know." Ah! them thar pines an' me hev been a-talkin' tergether ever sence I war a little gal.

ROBERT: (*His patience exhausted.*) Oh, Granny, you just must watch the game. It's getting so exciting. Everybody is watching Danny but you, and I should think you would care such a lot.

GRANNY: Be Danny tryin' ter hit thet fellar with thet thar ball?

ROBERT: No, Granny; oh, no!

GRANNY: Wa-al, jes' look at thet little fellar over yonder, a-dodgiu'. Thet one thet hes the bird-cage on his head. What be he a-wearin' thet thing fer, anyways? Does he think he's a bird?

ROBERT: Yes, I guess he does, Granny.

GRANNY: Thet young fellar with the club in his hand looks as ef he would lak ter hit somebody an awful lick. Jes' see 'im swing thet stick! I'm powerful glad Danny be n't any closer'n 'e is, fer he'd a'mos' git the head knocked offen 'im. Thar 'e goes ag'in! He don't 'pear ter hit nuthin' so fur as I kin see; but then my eyes hain't much fer seein' eny more.

Now look at Danny. What's he a-twistin' hissself all up lak thet fer. I'd lak ter know? It seems as ef 'e w'u'd know better'n ter do a thing lak thet, an' everybody a-watchin' 'im so. An' now he's doublin' hissself up jes' lak a jack-knife! Of all the ————— (*For the first time the crowd breaks into most enthusiastic cheers, and Granny springs up in terror, claps her hands over her ears, and, turning around, watches them in amazement until the applause dies down so that she can be heard.*)

GRANNY: What's ever'body a-hollerin' so fer, I'd lak ter know? I don't see nothin' ter mek sech a fuss erbout!

ROBERT: Oh, Granny, Danny has just struck three men out!

GRANNY: (*In great excitement and shaking her fist at Robert.*) He hain't done no sech a thing! Hain't I bin a-watchin' 'im? He hain't struck a soul. Didn't you tell me he warn't tryin' ter hit them fellars? Do you s'pose I sent 'im 'way down yere ter school ter l'arn 'im ter fight? (*Sitting down.*) I reckon we-uns know thet game up in the mountains too well a'ready.

ROBERT: (*Patting her on the back.*) Never mind, Granny; it's all in the game, and everybody's shouting happy over what Danny has done.

GRANNY: (*Rising.*) Wa-al, I reckon we mought as well be a-goin'. They 'pear ter be done. They're all throwin' down thar clubs an' things, an' goin' home.

ROBERT: (*Taking her by the arm.*) Oh, no, Granny, sit down. Our boys are coming to the bat now. Just wait and you'll see. Everything depends on this inning, and if you'll watch, we'll try to make you understand. See that boy picking up the bat? He wants to hit the ball if he can. (*Pause.*) Oh, he has! 'Just see it fly! (*Slight pause, everybody watching intently, followed by various expressions of disappointment.*) Yonder it goes right into the left fielder's hands. Oh, Granny, he's out, and if this keeps up, the game's lost.

That boy coming to the bat now is the catcher—the one that wore the bird-cage. He's a good catcher, but not much good at the bat. I'm so afraid he'll fan out. It just makes me sick. (*Pause, followed by still greater expressions of disappointment.*) He sent the ball right into the pitcher's hands like a six-year-old. (*Burying his head in his hands.*) Oh, I just know the game's lost! It's lost!

GRANNY: (*Patting him on the head.*) Don't tek on so, young fellar. I reckon it'll git found all right. Danny'll find it fer ye ef ye ask him. No critter couldn't never git away from him nohow.

ROBERT: Here comes a good batter. There! See that ball, Granny? Now see him run for first base. If he makes it we'll begin to stand up straight like your pines once more. (*Applause.*) He made it all right, Granny. Now watch him. He wants to steal the next base, if he can.

GRANNY: (*Excitedly.*) Steal it, did ye say! He ain't from the mountains then I'd hev ye know. I hain't never knowed no hilly-billy yet thet war mean enough ter steal.

ROBERT: Oh, that's all right, Granny! Don't worry. There comes Jim Ferguson to the bat. Hurrah! He's all right. Keep your eyes on him, Granny, and see if he doesn't hit the ball good and hard.

GRANNY: Wa-al, now, how's a body ter keep a-lookin' so many ways ter onet, I'd lak ter know? I lak ter watch thet thar pitchin' fellar down thar, what's a-playin' with the ball lak Danny done. He can't beat Danny at thet, kin 'e?

ROBERT: Ah, see that grounder! Nobody can ever catch that. They've fumbled it! Good! Good! See them run, Granny! See! See! (*Applause.*) They both made it! *Two on bases! Oh, for a good batter now!*

ELIZABETH: (*Throwing up both hands in her excitement.*) It's Danny! It's Danny! It's Daniel Woodhall. Oh, Danny, Danny, you dear old boy you, play the game! (*This speech should be almost drowned out by the enthusiasm of the rest of the crowd, and at its close they should shout rah, rah, rah; rah, rah, rah; rah, rah, rah; Danny!*)

GRANNY: (*Excited at last.*) Be thet Danny with the club now? Be it his turn ter hit thet thar ball ef 'e kin? I 'low sence I can't see ever'budy ter onet, thet I'll jes keep my eyes on Danny. Now ef you'll tell me jes as plain as yer kin jes' what Danny wants ter do, then (*Straightening herself up complacently.*) I'll watch ter see 'im do it.

ROBERT: He wants to hit the ball so hard, Granny, that it will go clear over into the farthest corner of the field, where nobody can possibly catch it, and while it's going, he and the other boys will run clear around to where they started from when they batted, and if they do that, we'll win the game.

GRANNY: Wa-al, thar can't nobody beat Danny a-runnin', an' yer say ef 'e gits clar aroun', then 'e beats?

ROBERT: Yes, Granny.

GRANNY: Wa-al, then, I hope he gits thar. He hain't hit nuthin' yet, hes 'e?

ROBERT: Wouldn't you think he would be so nervous, Granny, that he couldn't hit a thing? He knows just how much depends on this play, and it's his last game for the college. Oh, Granny, I do hope he'll bat that ball clear out of sight. Oh, there it goes! (*All spring to their feet.*) What a hit! See them run! Oh, don't let anybody catch it! Run, boys, run!

(*Wild excitement on the grand stand. The following speech will be drowned out by the noise, so more depends on the action than the words.*)

GRANNY: (*Grasping Robert's arm and pointing excitedly toward the diamond.*) Is thet Danny a-runnin', thet white streak thar? (*Turning to the girls.*) Give me one of them things ye've bin a-wayin' No, never mind, my apron'll do! (*Flying to the edge of the platform, and waving her apron wildly.*) Run, Danny, ru-u-u-u! Yer old granny's a-watchin' ye! Don't let 'em ketch ye! Nobody hain't

never done ketched ye yet! (*Stamping her foot with all her might.*) Run, I tell ye! (*Jumping up and down in her excitement.*) Ye've got to git thar! Ye've got to git thar! (*Dropping her apron and wringing her hands.*) Now, mind yer old granny, jes' this once more, thet's a good boy! Oh, Danny—Oh, Danny! (*Waving both hands in the air, she turns toward the grand stand, shouting, "He got thar!" which is the signal to the crowd that three runs have been made and the game won, and the wildest enthusiasm should prevail until Danny is rushed in on the shoulders of the ball team and dropped at Granny's feet, when he should be given nine rahs, with Robert as cheer leader, followed by the college yell.*)

"This is the school of great repute,  
Cumberland Collegiate Institute,  
C. C. I. C. C. I.  
Cumberland, Cumberland,  
Rah, rah, rah."

GRANNY: (*When Danny is dropped at Granny's feet she should reach up to him with both hands, saying excitedly*) Ye got thar, Danny, boy! Ye got thar all right! Your granny was a-watchin' ye. Nobudy c'u'dn't never ketch ye, Danny! I told 'em so, I told 'em so!

(*Danny should pat her on the shoulder, straighten her bonnet, smooth her hair, and then, drawing her arm through his, bow to the cheering crowd and the audience.*)

## INTERMISSION

### PART IV

Scene: The Commencement exercises of Cumberland Collegiate Institute.

The President and members of the graduating class are seated on the platform. The President, Danny, Marian, Rebecca, and Robert at one end of the line, and Elizabeth, Rachel, and Esther at the other. A special number of music can be introduced here if desired.

PRESIDENT: (*Rising.*) The valedictory will now be delivered by Mr. Daniel Stockton Woodhall, a faithful student through his entire college course, and tonight the first honor man of his class. (*This valedictory can be shortened at will.*)

DANNY: Honored President, Members of the Faculty and of the Board of Trustees of Cumberland Collegiate Institute, Classmates and Friends: The time has come when we must part. Let us hope that when we as a class leave these dear halls we may pass out into a life-work worthy of the training we have received here.

We are grateful to those who have filled these years with wise instruction and sympathetic counsel.

We are grateful to the Christian men and women who have made this school a possibility. They believe that the heritage of every American-born child should be a Christian education, and they have labored faithfully that the boys and girls of our mountain coves might be given their rightful chance.

We are thankful for an ancestry of which we can be proud; for an inheritance which impels us to make the most of every opportunity that comes our way; but, my



dear friends, pardon me for taking this opportunity to say, that as I stand before you to-night I owe more to my little white-haired mountaineer granny than to any other human agency.

I should be less of a man than I hope I am, if I failed to share the honors of this day with the little woman who drove me out of that cabin home and away from the barren mountainside and the shiftless life of that community, to seek an education.

Never have I forgotten the way she pressed the matter upon me by the story of ancestors long dead, who had done noble service for their country. She would have used force, if necessary, to drive me off to school.

Many a time was I ready to give up and go back to that mountain cabin. When I opened my books, I could not study because the pages were blurred by a vision of Granny bending over a man's task to keep me in school; but over and over she has said to me, "Don't give up, Danny. Would you break your granny's heart? I'll work for my boy, and never rest until he can come to me and say, 'Here, Granny, is my 'ploma.'" It will soon be my pleasure to lay my diploma in her toil-worn hands. It belongs to her more than it does to me. The tasks I have performed to earn it have been as nothing compared to hers, and may this day, which closes my college career and begins my life of toil, usher in for her a blessed day of rest.

But, my dear friends, the greatest reward for her self-sacrifice came years ago. It has been my privilege, from time to time, ever since I entered the Farm School, to carry back into that isolated mountain cove the message of the open Book. Narrow lives have been broadened until they have grasped the vision of the eternal. The monotony of their lives has been broken by the possibilities of Christian service.

I have seen my grandmother's face illumined, as those rugged mountaineers have gathered in her cabin and opened their hour of religious service by singing their favorite hymn:

"For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God."

Ah! the life lived far in those mountain recesses may be lonely and a life of unrequited toil, as they struggle to wrest a living from those barren hillsides; but, if they can only be brought in touch with that greatest product of our boasted civilization, a Christian education, and yet by their isolation, be kept free from the vices peculiar to the crowded centers of our population, God knows that no higher type of manhood and womanhood will be found anywhere than in our Southern Highlands. They have already furnished three Presidents of the United States, and they will furnish more in the years that are to come if they are only given a chance. "The free-handed, open-hearted South, the fortunate, prosperous North—each must help according to its ability, until the glad day dawns when 'the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains.'"

"We cannot hope to see our beautiful Southland taking the position to which it is so royally entitled without the Christianized, educated support of these citizens of its ramparts.

"The country needs them. They are not anarchists nor adventurers. They are not aliens from foreign lands, seeking our shores to escape from the poverty and hardships of the Old Country. They are Americans to the manner born, and they wait 'upon the mountains' for the 'feet of Him that bringeth good tidings.'"



My classmates, if we use our education simply for self-aggrandizement, we have failed to catch the meaning of this splendid institution of learning, which has been reared on this mountaintop to minister to our peculiar needs. It has been established, not that we as individuals might have lives of greater ease and pleasure, but for the uplift of our people—"for a race who, by force of circumstances, have lost their contact with the outside world, and for whom the clock of Christendom and civilization has stood still." We are to be the point of contact between our people and the outside world. We are to stand between them and those outside who would exploit them.

We have been brought from mountain cabins, and the world's treasures of knowledge have been laid at our feet. We must not snatch them up and hurry on into lives of selfishness and ease; we must go back, carrying them with us, and not until the problems of our people have been solved and their needs ministered unto, are we free from the obligation which rests upon us.

Let us stand in our God-given place as straight and strong as our mountain pines, and with a purpose as immovable as the eternal hills. And now—

"Farewell! A word that must be, and hath been—  
A sound that makes us linger;—yet, farewell!"

*(A second number of special music can be introduced here.)*

PRESIDENT: *(Rising.)* Members of the Class of 19— *(All rise.)* In behalf of the Board of Trustees of Cumberland Collegiate Institute, it becomes my duty and my privilege to present to you these diplomas.

*(The members of the class should turn facing the President and march in line past him, then across the stage and back to their first position. He should be able to name each one as he presents the diploma. This ceremony can be elaborated if desired.)*

My dear young friends: The diplomas which I have placed in your hands speak of a course that has been completed; of a task that has been done; and yet, we call this your Commencement Day. May it be to each one of you the beginning of the splendid life of service for which your years of training have fitted you. The loving interest of those who have been your instructors during this formative period of your lives will follow you wherever you go. They will rejoice in your successes and grieve over your failures. The life of this institution has become wrapped up in your future; your successes will be a part of its success; it will fail in the performing of its noble mission if you fail to perform yours.

Each of you will be true to your Alma Mater only when you have been true to your best self and to God. May God bless you and God speed you every one. Farewell.

*(The class remains standing and the President addresses the audience.)*

By special request the class will now sing the farewell song\* which was prepared for the class-night exercises. It is only fair to say that this song was written by the class poet, assisted by the class clown.

*(The verses of this song should be sung as a solo and acted out by the rest of the class standing back of the soloist.)*

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\*See music on page 24.

Now we must say to-night,  
 Farewell to you,  
 Our Alma Mater dear,  
 And friends so true,  
 Oh dry our tears for us  
*(Hands over eyes and heads bent as if in sorrow.)*  
 That fall like rain;  
*(Hands dropping, palm downward, with fingers in motion.)*  
 Parting from you now fills  
 Our hearts with pain.  
*(Both hands over heart.)*

You, our dear President,  
*(Right hand extended toward President.)*  
 So good and wise,  
*(Hand falls on word "wise.")*  
 And every teacher here  
*(Both hands extended on the word "teacher.")*  
 We shall surprise  
*(Hands fall on last syllable of "surprise.")*  
 By what we will achieve,  
*(Right hand raised on "achieve.")*  
 What honors win,  
*(Left hand raised on "win.")*  
 When to uplift the world  
*(All lean over and act as if lifting a heavy weight with both hands.)*  
 We all begin.  
*(The world is apparently pitched high in the air on the last syllable of "begin.")*

Juniors and Sophomores,  
*(Right hand held even with the shoulders for Juniors and pointing up to indefinite heights for Sophomores.)*  
 Freshmen and Preps,  
*(Low for Freshmen and a foot from the floor for Preps.)*  
 As you now follow on  
 Track in our steps;  
*(Mark time for six beats.)*  
 Safely and certainly  
 They point the way  
*(Right hand raised.)*  
 Up to this mountaintop,  
*(Left hand raised.)*  
 Our crowning day.  
*(Hands held at various distances from the head, some turning sideways as if crowded for room.)*

Oh, dear old college days,  
*(With deep feeling, all jesting put aside.)*  
 We would prolong  
 Thy life so free from care  
 By jest and song;  
 Through all the years to be,  
 Thy joy shall dwell,  
 Though we now say to thee  
 Our last farewell.

CHORUS: *(In which all join after each verse.)*  
 Now we our voices raise  
 In one last song of praise,  
 On this the day of days,  
 Our grateful love to tell.

*First ending:*

Thanks for these buildings tall,  
 Thanks for each dear old hall,  
 Thanks that Dan hit that ball,  
 Alma Mater, now we sing farewell.

*Second ending:*

Thanks for instruction true,  
 Thanks for wise counsel too,  
 Thanks for demerits few,  
 Faithful teachers, now we sing farewell.

*Third ending:*

If you would like us be,  
 Show some ability,  
 Grow some humility,  
 Lower classmen, now we sing farewell.

*Fourth ending:*

You have to us been true,  
 And we our pledge renew  
 Of loyalty to you,  
 Alma Mater, now we sing farewell.

PRESIDENT: *(Addressing the audience.)* This closes the graduation exercises of the Class of 19— of Cumberland Collegiate Institute. *(Turning to Danny and taking him by the hand.)* Well, Daniel, you honored yourself to-night by honoring your grandmother. I must meet her, so that I can congratulate her as well as you.

MARIAN HOOVER: *(Shaking hands with Danny.)* Danny, I think your grandmother is just too dear for anything.

REBECCA STEWART: *(Shaking hands.)* That's what we all think, Danny.

ROBERT BALDRIDGE: *(Slapping Danny on the shoulder.)* You made as big a hit to-night as you did yesterday, old fellow.

*(Everybody shakes hands with everybody else, and all appear to be talking, but it should be done as quietly as possible, so that the following conversation can be heard:)*

ESTHER HOLMES: Oh, Rachel, wasn't Danny's valedictory just splendid?

RACHEL MCBRIDE: Well, I should say so! And, Esther, why can't we bring his grandmother up here and make him give her that diploma if he's so sure it belongs to her.

ESTHER: Oh, good! Let's do it. Doesn't she look dear the way Miss Black has fixed her up?

RACHEL: Come on, quick, before any one leaves.

*(They hurry away and return with Granny.)*

ESTHER: Here's your grandmother, Danny. We've brought her up to receive her diploma.

*(All talking ceases at once. Granny becomes the center of attraction, and Danny starts toward her.)*

ELIZABETH: *(Impulsively.)* Oh! you blessed little Granny! You certainly deserve that diploma. Have you ever forgiven me for stamping my foot and saying I hated you for sending Danny away to school?

GRANNY: Fergiv'n ye! Why, little Lizzie, I jes' loved ye fer bein' so upst over losin' my Danny, an' *(Turning to the others.)* I'm a-thinkin' she mought tak on jes' 'bout as techerous if anybody tried to git him away from her now. *(Applause and laughter.)*

ESTHER: That's right, Granny. Not one of us girls would dare try to do it, much as we might like to.

DANNY: *(Presenting the President.)* Granny, I want you to meet President Matthews. My Grandmother, Mrs. Woodhall.

GRANNY: *(Shaking hands awkwardly.)* Howdy, sir!

PRESIDENT: I am delighted to meet you, Mrs. Woodhall, and I want to congratulate you upon having such a grandson as Daniel, with a good prospect of some day claiming our Elizabeth as your granddaughter. This has certainly been a happy day for you and for them.

ESTHER HOLMES: Now, Danny, hurry up with that presentation speech before we go.

ELIZABETH: Just wait one moment, Danny. *(She removes her cap and gown, and with Esther's help puts them on Granny.)* Now we are ready.

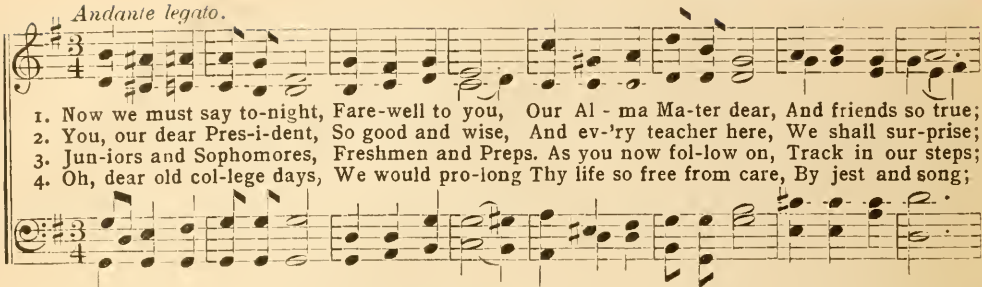
DANNY: *(Slowly and impressively.)* Now, my grandmother, Isabella Stockton Woodhall, here in the presence of my college friends, I present to you this diploma, which you have earned by years of faithful toil and constant self-sacrifice, and with it I bestow upon you the honorary degree of M.D.L.G.H., which being interpreted, means, *My Dear Little Granny of the Hills.*

*(If the one who impersonates Granny does not happen to be small, the word "old" can be substituted for "little." Granny takes the diploma, and smilingly bows to Danny, to the class, and then to the audience.)*

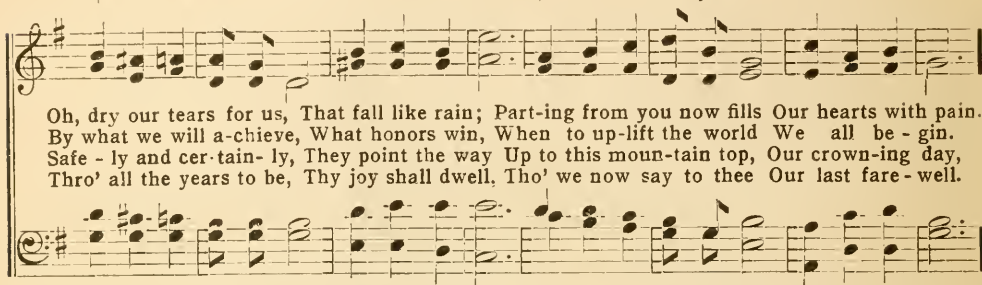
# Alma Mater Farewell

I. H. MEREDITH

*Andante legato.*

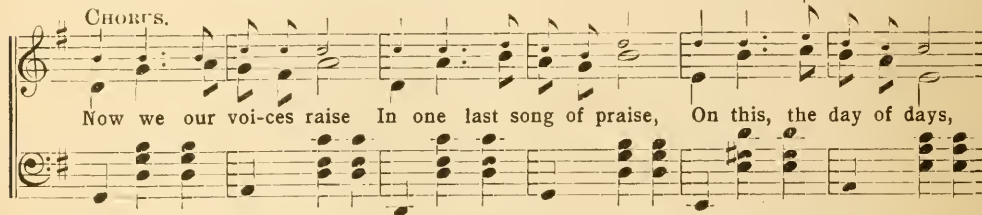


1. Now we must say to-night, Fare-well to you, Our Al - ma Ma-ter dear, And friends so true;  
2. You, our dear Pres-i-dent, So good and wise, And ev-'ry teacher here, We shall sur-prise;  
3. Jun-i-ors and Sophomores, Freshmen and Preps. As you now fol-low on, Track in our steps;  
4. Oh, dear old col-lege days, We would pro-long Thy life so free from care, By jest and song;



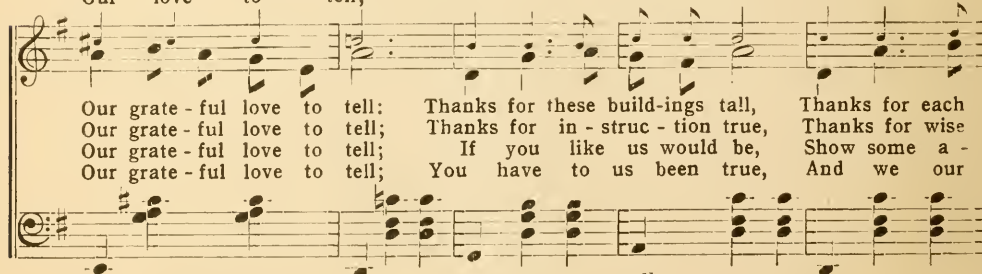
Oh, dry our tears for us, That fall like rain; Part-ing from you now fills Our hearts with pain.  
By what we will a-chieve, What honors win, When to up-lift the world We all be - gin.  
Safe - ly and cer-tain - ly, They point the way Up to this moun-tain top, Our crown-ing day,  
Thro' all the years to be, Thy joy shall dwell, Tho' we now say to thee Our last fare-well.

CHORUS.



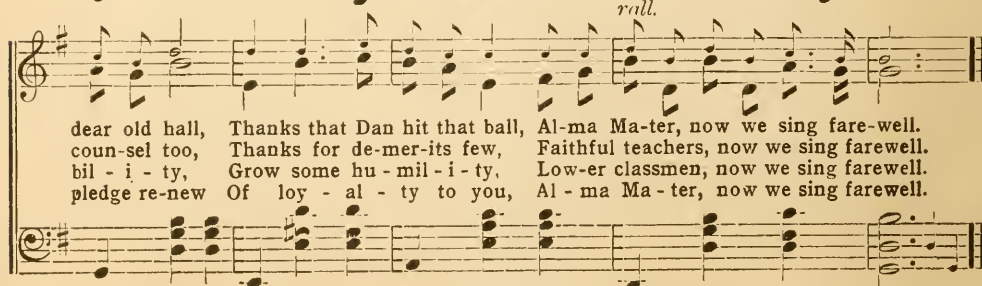
Now we our voi-ces raise In one last song of praise, On this, the day of days,

Our love to tell;



Our grate - ful love to tell: Thanks for these build-ings tall, Thanks for each  
Our grate - ful love to tell; Thanks for in - struc - tion true, Thanks for wise  
Our grate - ful love to tell; If you like us would be, Show some a -  
Our grate - ful love to tell; You have to us been true, And we our

*rall.*



dear old hall, Thanks that Dan hit that ball, Al-ma Ma-ter, now we sing fare-well.  
coun-sel too, Thanks for de-mer-its few, Faithful teachers, now we sing farewell.  
bil - i - ty, Grow some hu - mil - i - ty, Low-er classmen, now we sing farewell.  
pledge re-new Of loy - al - ty to you, Al - ma Ma - ter, now we sing farewell.

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